

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME 10.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1877.

NUMBER 47.

School & Kindergarten

The Exercises of the SCHOOL, conducted by Rev. J. B. HASKELL, and Sisters, will be resumed, at their Residence on Russell St., on Monday 4th September.

Monthly Terms.

English Course (Primary and Intermediate), \$2.00.
Academic Course, \$3.00
Kindergarten, \$1.00
German, French, Latin and Greek
Extra each, 50c.
Elements of Music and Drawing with Calisthenics, will be taught Free
The undersigned is prepared to organize and teach Classes of Young Men or Ladies the usual collegiate branches, Classics Mathematics &c., as well as Stenography or Short Hand Private lessons in Instrumental music will be given when desired.
J. BACHMAN HASKELL.

A CARD.

Dr. J. G. WANNAMAKER is in possession of the Receipts and Prescription Books of the late Dr. E. J. Oliveros. All persons, desiring to get any of the above Preparations or Renewal of Prescriptions, can do so by calling on

Dr. WANNAMAKER,
At his Drug Store.

aug 21—3m

TO RENT.

The Store House on the Corner of Russell and Market Street, formerly occupied by J. W. Moseley. There is no better business stand in Orangeburg. For terms apply to

T. C. ANDREWS.

Orangeburg S. C.

NOTICE.

The fast trotting thorough-bred Stallion MAMBRINO TRUSTEE will stand for the Fall season at my stables.

PEDIGREE.

MAMBRINO TRUSTEE, by Mambrino Medley, he by Old Mambrino Chief; Mambrino Medley's first dam by Young Medley, a fine race mare, second dam by Stanley; third dam by Trustee; fourth dam by Speculator.
Mambrino Trustee's first dam Jenny Denney, by Holch; first dam by Lady Woodford, by Sir William Woodford; he by Woodford; 6-1 dam by Portland.
Mambrino Trustee was bred by George W. Ogden, Wrights Station, Kentucky Central Rail Road, Bourbon County, Kentucky. He is five years old, and has not had much handling but what showed splendid action. He trotted on the Columbia track last fall at the rate of 2:45.

THAD. C. ANDREWS

Orangeburg Livery and sale stables.
P. S. Board for a few mares can be had at my stables
aug 19

KINGS MOUNTAIN MILITARY SCHOOL



COL. ASBURY COWARD

A full corps of able Professors
Complete outfit of dress uniforms, for military and physical training. Location noted for healthfulness and possessing railroad and telegraph facilities. For illustrated Catalogue apply to Principal.

dec 11 1875

JOHN OGDEN

SUCCESSOR OF

ROBERT JENNY.

Importer and Manufacturer
OF
HARNESS & SADDLES.

Has the pleasure to inform the Public that he has Received a heavy Stock from the North of every description what belongs to a first class Saddlery Establishment. Also wish to draw particular attention to his Stock of

LADIES RIDING SADDLES
and his assortment of
SHOES.

Prices lower than ever.
Good Saddles at \$3.50.

FOR RENT

The Two Story Building in the Town of Lewisville. The first Story fitted up as a Store, complete in all respects. The second Story arranged for a Residence.

For particulars apply to
GEORGE BOLIVER.

aug. 5

DENTISTRY.

According to the latest improvements in the art.

WOLFE & CALVERT

over Willcock's Store, are prepared to execute anything in their line.

Guaranteeing a faithful attendance to business, they respectfully ask a continuance of the patronage, which has heretofore been extended to the old firm of Snider, Wolfe & Calvert.

All Work Guaranteed.

D. H. Chamberlain's Farewell Address

—TO THE—
PEOPLE OF S. CAROLINA.

I am sitting on the train to-night,
With carpet-bag by my side,
Which I with plunder well have filled
Since the "Sunny South" I tried.

The scene is greatly changed. I feel
I'm bluer now than then;
And I still keep list'ning for the shout
Of those fierce, red-shirt men.

Farewell, ye yelling rebel crew
Of "cavalier" descent;
Most cavalierly did ye act
When I to Edgefield went.

I played "reform" to win your votes;
My purpose you unmasked;
The bayonet pointed at your throats
Is the revenge I've asked.

The sentry walks his daily rounds
Within your State House walls;
Where civil rule once sat enthroned
The drummer beats his calls.

Who steals my good name steals but trash;
My wealth is in this bag;
Where blue Penobscot's waters dash
I go to save my "sawg."

Shoemaker first and Governor last;
My pride has had a fall;
In politics I have pegged out,
And I may lose my all.

The State I ruled is now redeemed,
The people atme scoff,
And, having taken all things else,
Myself I now take off.

The Answer of the People

—TO—

D. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Go, traitor! Go! Thy broken trust
Is monumental crime;
Wespare thy life, for God is just,
And we will bide His time.

The rifles in yon granite pile
But symbol thy career—
Through all the years thy party ruled
The State was rifled there.

The jarring drum-beat's signal note,
That downpour church-bell's chiming
Shall be forgot; but history keeps
The record of thy crimes.

Thy legislative bayonets gleam
Above our Loken laws;
Thy country's constitution pierced
To stab the people's cause.

Though we have quaffed the bitter cup
Held by thy stranger hand,
The law inviolate we keep,
And spurn thee from the land.

We stand beneath the Union flag,
Still trusting in our right;
But press us not; a people wronged
May show a people's night.

No "State rights" now clouds
The justice of our cause;
No shade of slavery now dims
The lustre of our laws.

Go back to thy far Northern home,
Thou thing that freemen hate!
Go live, the scorn of honest men,
Debaucher of the State!

The clouds that on our hopes you cast
Time soon shall drift away;
Tas morning light is breaking fast
On a new and brighter day.

Here where you sowed the seeds of strife
Two races blessed shall stand;
Their rights inviolate maintained,
While justice rules the land.

The law supreme in peace shall sway
The soldier and his sword;
And all shall bless the happy day
They trusted Hampton's word.

Judge T. J. M.

Bennett—May.

THE OWNER OF THE NEW YORK
HERALD HOUSE—WHIPPED BY
MISS MAY'S BROTHER.

The marriage of Miss Caroline May to Mr. James G. Bennett, the proprietor of the Herald, was to have been solemnized to-day by Cardinal McCloskey. Mr. Bennett had desired that the marriage should not be a public display, and Miss May concurred. It was agreed that the couple should sail for England just after the marriage, and state-rooms richly arranged for the bridal party had been engaged. Miss May's bridal outfit had been received from Paris at a cost of \$20,000, and she had been congratulated on her prospective wedding. Lately, however, some stories

had come to her ears of Mr. Bennett's actions, and yesterday it was announced that by mutual agreement the match had been broken off. Mr. Bennett frankly acknowledged that his behavior warranted Miss May's action in asking to be released.

Soon after 2 o'clock this afternoon, the habitues of the Union Club, were startled by the information, which sped like wild-fire through the building, that Mr. Bennett was being assaulted by Mr. Frederick May, on the sidewalk, in front of the club-house. The members of the club were aware of the fact that the struggle might end in a tragedy, as May was known to have been in a desperate mood since Saturday. Mr. May is the brother of Miss Caroline May. He is an athlete, and has been very indignant concerning Mr. Bennett's treatment of his sister, and had traced Mr. Bennett to the Union Club building.

Mr. May is not a member of the club, and therefore did not enter and there encounter Mr. Bennett. As he stood near the railing in Twenty-first street, several friends passed and noticed that he was much agitated, and that he kept a sharp watch upon the entrance to the club house. Mr. Bennett was within enjoying refreshments. He was unaccompanied, and his acquaintances noted that his jollity was artificial. He sent a message for his sleigh, and when it arrived at the door, he prepared himself for a ride to Central Park. He wore a long coat and a jaunty cap, and a splendid silk handkerchief was wound around his neck. He seemed much annoyed at the watchfulness of the club people.

When Mr. Bennett lighted a cigarette in the large hallway of the club house and started toward the street, the door was opened wide for him by the attendant. Mr. Bennett slowly descended the staircase, and just as he reached the sidewalk Mr. May confronted him. Mr. Bennett stepped backward, and Mr. May drew a small whip from his great coat, and with much force and rapidly struck Mr. Bennett across the face three times. Blood streamed from gashes under his eyes, and from a frightful cut on his nose. He staggered for a moment and then threw himself upon Mr. May. They clinched, but Mr. May being the more powerful of the two, forced himself from Mr. Bennett's grasp. At this the latter made another lunge at Mr. May, who struck at him from the shoulder, and Mr. Bennett fell at full length on the sidewalk. Blood stained the snow from the sidewalk to the gutter.

Attaches of the club house and pedestrians ran to Mr. Bennett's assistance. No one attempted to stop Mr. May, who, with his hands in his pockets, walked leisurely toward Fifth avenue.

Mr. Bennett was carried into the house and his face bathed. His sleigh was sent away and a cab was ordered. Then he was taken to his home in Fifth avenue, where he was attended by his physician. He will not be able to be out for several days, being fearfully cut and bruised.

Police officers near the club house said they knew nothing of the fight, although five minutes after it happened it was the chief topic in all the neighboring hotels.

Miss May's two brothers were on the lookout for Mr. Bennett as early as 6 o'clock this morning. They went to the Russia, thinking that he might take passage in that steamer, but he was not there.

William May, Frederick's brother, was in the club house this evening, for a few moments. He said at first he did not care to talk of the affair. Then he said to one of his friends: "We were looking for Mr. Bennett all day, but he was in hiding. He ought to have been cowhided long ago."

Conscience is generally dealt out to men according to their necessities. Nature never places sentinels where there is nothing to watch.

Their Operations in Charleston—How they Pass the Queer—A Chance for the Detectives.

COLUMBIA, January 7.—On Tuesday, a young colored man, giving his name as Barney Hendricks, appeared at the Station house, in this city, and desired to surrender himself. He stated to the Journal of Commerce reporter this evening, that he left New York six months ago, as the body servant of a party, composed of John Morris, William Clark, Joe Cobbins, Tom Murphy and Joe Reilly. The object of this gang was the distribution of counterfeit money, which they seem to have done very successfully. Hendricks says he left them here, because they refused to pay him in any thing but the "queer," which he was afraid to use.

The party, he says, have been out some six months, having visited, among other places, Baltimore, Augusta and Charleston. At the latter place the gang stopped at a house of ill fame near the Citadel Green, and passed during their stay about \$500. They had dies and stamps with them, and manufactured some money while in Charleston. The party, he thinks, returned to Charleston from here. He says their stock when he left consisted of \$5,000 in \$10 notes of the First National Bank of New York, \$400 in \$1 United States treasury notes, \$300 in fifty cents pieces, and \$300 in five cent nickles.

He claims to have travelled through England and the United States with the gang, which he says consists of New York roughs, one of whom was formerly connected with the United States Treasury Department, and stole the dies.

Hendricks says he was engaged with the gang in the robbery of the United States mails on the New York and Erie Railroad two years ago.

He seems to be intelligent, and his story is believed in police circles.

A REAL HOONER DRINK.—An Indian went into a Chicago saloon, and asked for "a gin cocktail with some strength into it." The bar-keeper made a mixture of alcohol, pepper sauce, absinthe, limes, and pinkiller. "The Indian drank it," says the Chicago Tribune, "and about a quart of tears came to his eyes, his mouth contracted to about the size of a safe key hole, and when he had sufficiently mastered his emotion to speak, he said, 'How much's that?' 'Fifteen cents,' responded the barkeeper. The customer put down a quarter and said, 'Keep the change—have something yourself;' then wringing the barkeeper's hand, he added, 'That's the first good gin I've tasted since I left home—something like liquor; it's sort of quick in taking hold and slow in letting go. Come and see me, and I'll give you some-corn whiskey that's better still—whiskey that's like swallowing a circular saw whole and pulling it up again.' The barkeeper, an hour later, asked the patrolman if he had heard of an old man being found dead on the sidewalk, and when the officer said no, he danced a few jig steps, and cried, 'Hurrah, he's gone somewhere else to die!'

A TEXAN'S WONDERFUL TRACES.—A Texan, visiting this point-gathered around him some of our citizens Monday, and entertained them with some of his experiences in the Lone Star State. One incident told by him is as follows:

"You'd hardly believe, now, what I am going to tell. In Texas we use raw-hide straps, or thongs, for traces, and in wet weather they do stretch amazingly. Why, often in damp weather at home I've hitched up two horses and drove down the hill from my house into the creek bottom for a sled load of wood. I have loaded the wood and many times driven back home and unhitched the horses and the sled would not be in sight."

"How did you get the wood home then?"

"Oh, I just tied the ends of the traces together and threw them over a post, went knocking about my work and waited till the sun shone out. Sometimes it would be more than two hours before that sled load of wood would get home, but you'd see her crawling up the hill at last, gradually approaching as the raw-hide traces shrunk up into their proper lengths. Yes, Texas is a great country, you bet."—Greencastle Star.

Legal Weights and Measures.

Bushel Wheat	60 lbs.
" Shelled Corn	56 "
" Corn in the ear	70 "
" Rye	56 "
" Oats	32 "
" Barley	47 "
" Irish Potatoes	50 "
" Sweet Potatoes	55 "
" White Beans	46 "
" Clover Seed	60 "
" Flax Seed	56 "
" Hemp Seed	44 "
" Grass Seed	44 "
" Peas	60 "
" Buckwheat	52 "
" Dried Peaches	33 "
" Dried Apples	26 "
" Onions	57 "
" Salt	50 "
" Stone Coal	80 "
" Malt	38 "
" Bran	28 "
" Hair	8 "
" Turnips	55 "
" Corn Meal	48 "
" Ground Peas	24 "
" Unslacked Lime	30 "

A SLIP OF THE "MOIND."—"How much castor oil wud that bottle hold, soor, I dunno?" inquired an aged Irish woman of a Chicago druggist as she presented him with a good sized phial the other day.

"About twenty-five cents' worth," replied the dealer.

"Twenty-foive cints' wurth?" echoed the woman. "Och, sure, it'll hold more nor that."

"All right," replied the druggist, "I guess I can squeeze fifty cents' worth into it."

He was about to put up the article on these terms when the venerable woman suddenly began to prance around, and yel'd out at one breath, "Och, sorr, hold on, sorr! Ut! a mistake I'm after makin', sorr! Plaise fill up fur twenty foive cints, soor!"

So the druggist kindly abstained from putting a pint of castor oil into a half pint bottle.

The following to uchling lines have been sent to us, says the Winsboro News composed in view of the death of a certain Congressional candidate, who was "sat upon" by 6,000 independent voters at the recent election:

AN EPITAPH.
Beneath these rude stones
A. S. W.—ll—ce's bones
In quietude are laid;
He fairly met
Dame Nature's debt—
The first he ever paid.

To heaven we know
He did not go—
Too mean to pay the toll;
And know full well
He's not in h—ll
For W—ll—ce had no soul.
[Judge M—k—y.]

"In case of nightmare do not a once bring a light, or going near, call out loud ly to the sleeper, but bite his heels or his big toe and gently utter his name. Also spit in his face and give him some ginger tea to drink; he will then come round. Or blow into the patients ears through small tubes, pull out fourteen hairs from his head, make them into a twist and thrust them into his nose." It seems necessary to explain that this remedy for nightmare is from China.

It is stated that sixty thousand Philadelphia families will break up housekeeping on the first of January and start around the country making Centennial calls.

A horse doctor was brought up in the supreme court as a witness. His replies to the numerous questions offered were rendered in an exceedingly low tone, and one of the members of the bar at last spoke out sharply that he must reply so that he could be understood, or he could not proceed. Judge Paters then said: 'I suppose that the trouble arises out of the habit of speaking low in the sick room.'

The Paternal Author of an heiress was approached by a youth who requested a few moments conversation in private, and began: "I was requested to see you, sir, by your lovely daughter. Our attachment—" "Young man," interrupted the parent briskly, "I don't know what that girl of mine is about. You are the fourth gentleman who has approached me this morning on the subject. I have given my consent to the others, and give it to you; God bless you."

Paymaster Rochester, of Atlanta, and Gould, of Charleston, arrived in Columbia Friday morning, 20th ult., for the purpose of paying off the troops regularly and temporarily quartered at the post. Seventeen companies are there at present, and it averages about \$1,000 to pay a full company.

A box 24x16 and 22 in. deep, contains 1 barrel.

A box 16x12, and 9 in. deep, contains 1 bushel.

A box 8x8 and 8 in deep, contains 1 peck.

A box 4x4, and 5 1-5 in. deep contains one quart.

A little Boston girl, four years old, created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday school class: "Our dog's dead. I bet the angels was scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He is cross to strangers."

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is that he should think of. He should first think of his character, and then his condition. He that has character need have no fears about his condition. Character will draw after it condition. Circumstances obey principles.

It is a great evil not to bear an evil.

When does water resemble a gymnast? When it makes a spring.

All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

Two heads are better than one—especially from a hatter's point of view.

Truth sometimes tastes like medicine, but that is an evidence that we are ill.

'A. D. F.' You are wrong. An apary is not a place for keeping monkeys.

Modest men conceal their joys as well as their sorrows, for they consider the one as underserved as the other.

It is not considered a subject of laughter in New Haven to see a young woman prowling around with a cow hide, looking after a theological student.

"What's your name?" said an officer to a young colored lad who joined his ship at the cape. "Algon Bay, sir." "Where were you born?" "Wasn't born at all." "Wasn't born at all?" "No, sir; was washed ashore in a storm."

A young person thinks it enough to do right. As he grows older, he finds it necessary to satisfy others that he has done so. Much of the time that might be spent in doing well must be used in securing evidence that we have not done ill.

"Fank," said an affectionate mother the other day to a promising boy, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much you will get so after a while that you won't care anything about work." "Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, "I have got so now."